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WARHAMMER
MONTHLY
Inside this comic...
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Hail the machine god!
BLOODQUEST
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Carnival of Change
Chaos comes to town!
TM

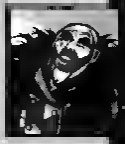
WARHAMMER MONTHLY

By the Emperor! Are all of the minions of Chaos so dim? No, no, NO! You must keep your eyes shut for just another minute. Ah, that's it. This will wipe the smile from your foul countenance once and for all! Might I introduce you to my great friend Imperius Dictatio, Warlord Titan... Now I'll just leave you two to, erm, get acquainted, shall we say? You can open your eyes... now!!

What petty games *do you play now, Space Marine? I do not fear any... GNNNAAAHHH! By all the blessed gods of damnation! IT'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL! I... I... errrr... unnnnh... This ... erm... this isn't fair!! Can we... erm... talk about this? ... Please?*

TITAN
One hundred feet of deadly war machine, Imperius Dictatio pounds the battlefield in search of foul Ork Gargants But when its crew find themselves leaderless, who will take the controls?

THE CARNIVAL OF CHANGE
The sleepy village of Valnein, deep in the Empire, is dedicated to Sigmar But now, on his very feast day, there is a fabulous new diversion for the villagers



BLOODQUEST
In hot pursuit of the Ork Warlord who stole the lost Blade Encarmine, Captain Leonatos and his crew stop over at a sinister religious retreat – which guards a devastating secret

DARKBLADE
Malus Darkblade has been tricked into helping the vile daemon Tz'arkan to recover five ancient artefacts – but not everyone is prepared to give up their treasure so willingly

In issue three...

Grundheim would like a word.

Meet the grumpiest Dwarf in Middenheim, in the next *Warhammer Monthly... all action, every month!*

GAMES WORKSHOP

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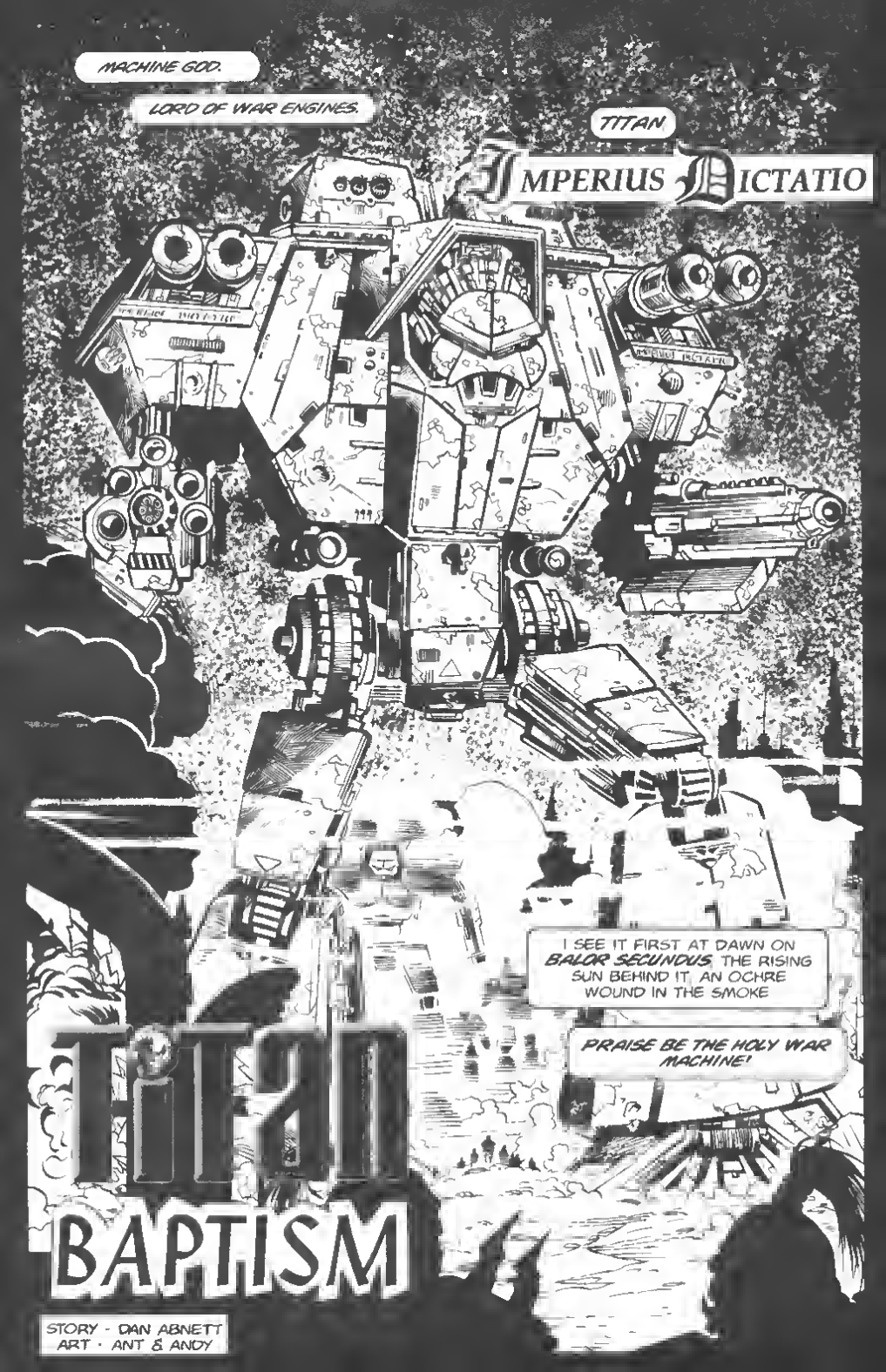

MACHINE GOD.
LORD OF WAR ENGINES.
TITAN
IMPERIUS DICTATIO
I SEE IT FIRST AT DAWN ON BALOR SECUNDUS, THE RISING SUN BEHIND IT, AN OCHRE WOUND IN THE SMOKE
PRAISE BE THE HOLY WAR MACHINE!
TITAN
BAPTISM
STORY - DAN ABNETT
ART - ANT & ANDY

THIS BEGINS MY FIELD TRAINING, THE MOST IMPORTANT, MOST LONGED-FOR PART OF MY EIGHT-YEAR STUDY AT THE COLLEGIATE TITANICUS.
ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN RAISED TO BOND WITH THESE GOD-MACHINES, AND THIS IS MY FIRST TASTE OF THE REALITY I AM-
PRINCEPS CADET ERVIN HEKATE, REPORTING AS ORDERED, SIR.
I HEARD YOU CADET, YOU ARE HERE TO WITNESS THE LIVING WONDER OF THE TITAN, SO YOU MAY BE BETTER PREPARED FOR THE BLESSED LIFE THE EMPEROR HAS CHOSEN FOR YOU
I SAID, I AM
YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
KNOW HIM? HOW COULD I NOT KNOW RAMUS MACABEE, POSSIBLY THE MOST DECORATED PRINCEPS IN THE LEGION! HIS TACTICAL RECORDS ARE REQUIRED READING AT THE COLLEGIATE
Y-YES, PRINCEPS

VERY WELL. THE IMPULSE OF THE TITAN'S OLD MIND CALLS ME. I MUST JOIN IT FULLY.
GO STATION YOURSELF BY THE MODERATI, HE WILL WATCH YOU
THE MODERATI, MASTER OF THE TITAN'S WEAPONS HIS DEAD EYES ROLL ROUND TO OBSERVE ME AS I JOIN HIM
I AM VOSS. YOU WILL CALL ME MODERATI.
THIS IS YOUR FIRST OBSERVATIONAL TOUR?
YES, MODERATI.
DON'T SPEAK. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING. BE HUMBLE THAT YOU ARE EVEN HERE.
WE ARE ABOUT TO PROCEED
IMPERIUS DICTATIO STRIDES TOWARDS THE WARZONE
GRUDGINGLY, AS IF IT IS WASTING HIS TIME MODERATI VOSS TELLS ME WE ARE HUNTING AN ENEMY SARSANT SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE FIREFIELDS
FOR THREE WEEKS IT HAS BEEN HARASSING OUR CONVOYS.
THIRTY METRES ABOVE THE GROUND IN A SWAYING ARMOURED BOX, I CAN SEE NOTHING!

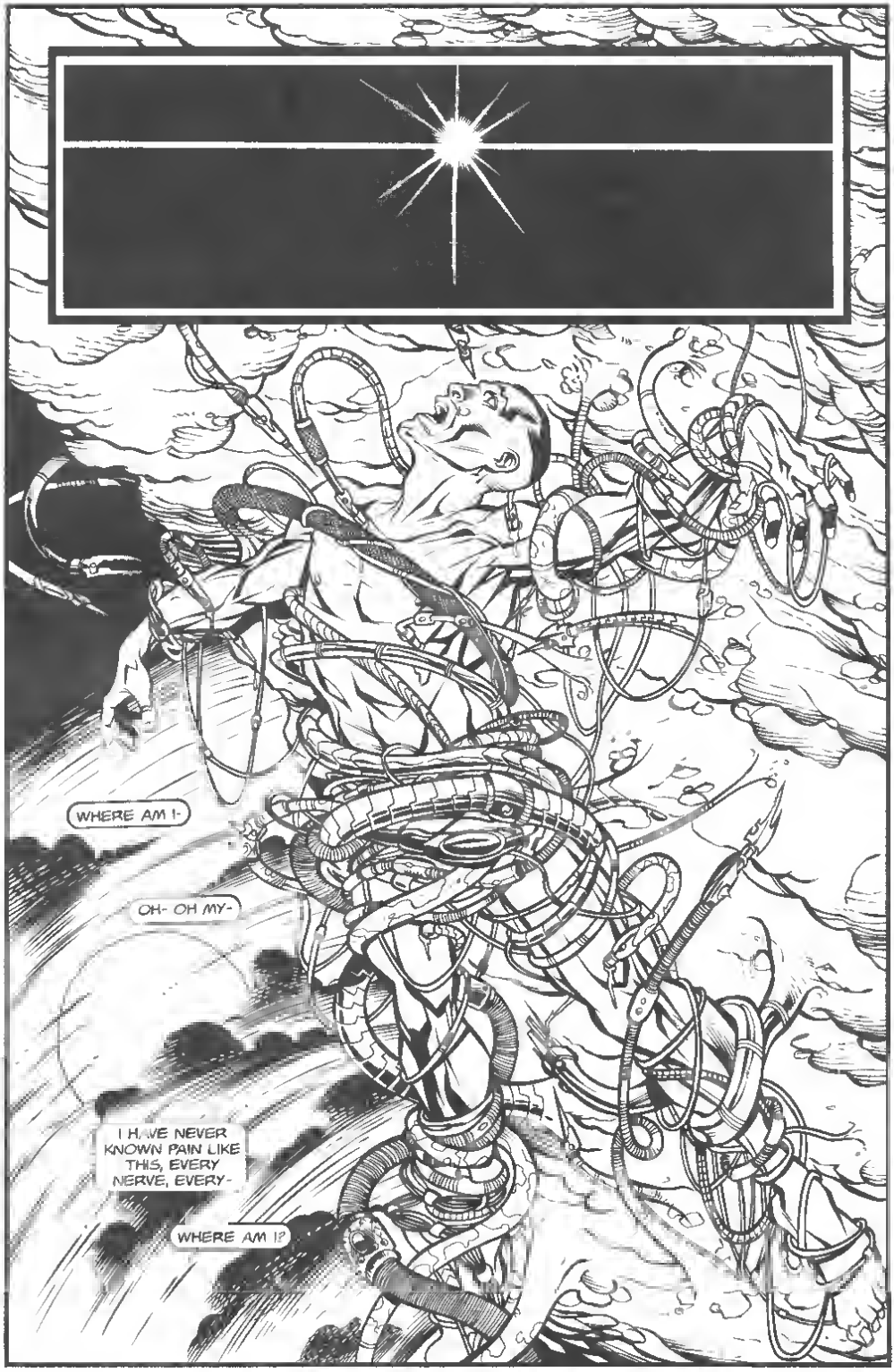
AND I UNDERSTAND LITTLE MORE THE MINDS OF THESE MEN, AND THE OTHER FIFTEEN CREW AND SERVITORS ABOARD, ARE SLAVED IN HARMONY WITH THE PRINCEPS AND WITH THE ANCIENT MACHINE ITSELF.
AND I, AM AN OUTSIDER.
I BECOME PAINFULLY AWARE OF MY SCRATCHY NEW UNIFORM, OF THE SCAR-TISSUE STILL FRESH-PINK AROUND MY CRANIAL IMPLANT.
AND OF ONE OTHER THING..
...ENVY. IT TAKES ME A WHILE TO REALISE, BUT I ENVY THE OLD MAN!
I HAVE BEEN RAISED FOR THIS. TRAINED FOR THIS HONOUR! I AM THE BEST THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS COULD PRODUCE!
ONE DAY THIS WILL BE MINE!
THEN NALLEN, THE TACTICAL OFFICER, CRIES OUT AND INTERRUPTS MY THOUGHTS—
I HAVE A CONTACT! SINGING STRONG THREE POINTS EAST NORTH EAST!
FOR THE GLORY OF THE MACHINE GOD.. IT IS THE GARGANT!

ENGINEER? FULL POWER AS I BRING US ABOUT!
MODERATI? CHARGE AND AUTOLOAD ALL SYSTEMS I WANT YOUR FIRING SOLUTIONS IN THIRTY SECONDS!
TACTICAL? BOOST GAIN AND OPEN MY EYES I WANT TO SEE IT AS I KILL IT!
THEY WILL IT AND IT BECOMES REALITY
A THOUSAND TONNES OF STEEL TURNS EAST NORTH EAST, I HEAR A RATTLE OF AUTOLOADERS AND THE WHINE OF SERVOS
MY HEART IS IN MY MOUTH. NOW I WILL SEE THE STRATEGIC GENIUS OF PRINCEPS RAMUS MACABEE
NOW I WILL SEE THE MIGHT OF IMPERIUS DICTATIO.

SOMETHING IS WRONG! I AM LOSING THE LINK! FIRE CONTROL IS FAILING!
SHUT UP AND GET BACK TO YOUR ENGINES DORN! WE'VE GOT A SYSTEMS FAILURE!
GIVE US A MOMENT HERE TO ROUSE THE LINK... I'M GETTING NOTHING, DAMNIT!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF MARS IS GOING ON UP HERE? I'VE JUST LOST MAIN LINK TO THE DRIVES!
MODERATI? PRINCEPS MACABEE... IS DEAD!
THAT CANNOT BE! THAT CANNOT BE! HE IS THE PRINCEPS! HE

THE BOY IS RIGHT. MACABEE IS DEAD.
HE WAS OLD, VOSS. OLD EVEN WHEN I JOINED DICTATIO
LAST TOUR, THE SURGEONS TOLD HIM TO STEP DOWN THEY SAID THE STRESS OF THE LINK WAS GETTING TOO MUCH. HE WOULD NOT HE COULD NOT BEAR TO LEAVE THE LINK
WE'RE DEAD WITHOUT HIM!
IN THERE HE WAS A MACHINE GOD, NOT A FRAIL OLD MAN
THE GARGANT HAS US! I HAVE DEFINITE TARGET CAPTURE FROM THEIR SENSORS! THEY ARE TURNING THIS WAY!
BY THE GODS, WE'RE A STANDING TARGET!
SOMEONE MUST TAKE OVER!
WHO, VOSS? YOU?
MODERATI JACKS AREN'T EVEN COMPATIBLE WITH MAIN LINK PLUGS_ THAT'S ASSUMING YOU COULD EVEN TAKE THE DATAFLOW!

HE COULD!
ME?
HE'S A PRINCEPS CADET, FINAL YEAR! HE'S GOT ALL THE THEORY! WE COULD FEED HIM THE PRACTICAL STUFF!
NALLEN?
WELL HE'S GOT THE RIGHT PLUGS. BUT BY THE EMPEROR, HE'S YOUNG.
DO WE HAVE TIME TO DEBATE THIS?
HELL, NO!
GET IN, HEKATE!
TIME FOR RESPECT LATER PRINCEPS.
MACHINE-GOD HELP ME! THIS IS TOO SOON! TOO SUDDEN!
LET YOUR MIND GO, CADET!
THIS MAY HURT FOR A MO


WHERE AM I-
OH- OH MY-
I HAVE NEVER KNOWN PAIN LIKE THIS, EVERY NERVE, EVERY-
WHERE AM I?

MARS. MARS THE FORGES OF WAR THAT BROUGHT ME FORTH.
WHO?
YOU KNOW MY NAME. WE ARE BONDED NOW. YOU AND I.
NO! NOOOO!
I'M SORRY, HEKATE. THIS IS TOO SOON FOR YOU.
PRINCEPS MACABEE!
YOU'RE INSIDE THE TITAN'S *MIND*. ONE SO YOUNG AS YOU IS PROBABLY NOT READY FOR SUCH AN EXPERIENCE
NOT IN HERE. IN HERE, I CAN BE YOUR *GUIDE* AND *COUNSEL*. THE TITAN NEEDS YOU TO LIVE, HEKATE. WHETHER YOU'RE READY OR NOT.
YOU'RE DEAD!
SO PULL YOUR MIND TOGETHER AND *DO IT!*

I AM A MACHINE GOD
LORD OF WAR ENGINES
TITAN
I AM IMPERIOUS DICTATIO
I CAN SEE THIRTY KILOMETRES IN EVERY DIRECTION. THE POWER OF A SUN THROBS INSIDE ME. THE EARTH TREMBLES AS I WALK.
THIS IS THE POWER I HAVE DREAMED OF
I HEAR MACABEE'S VOICE WARN ME "ONCE YOU'VE LINKED WITH A TITAN. THERE IS NO GOING BACK."
HEKATE! THE GARGANT IS ALMOST UPON US
THATS PRINCEPS HEKATE VOSS
BRING THE TURBO LASERS TO BEAR.

ONE THOUGHT AND I SPIT FORTH DEATH IN STREAMS LIKE COMETS
ONE THOUGHT AND I BURN THE FOE
ONE THOUGHT AND ALL MINDS ARE ONE WITH MINE VOSS NALLEN DORN
MACABEE...
AND SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING DARK THAT SNARLS HUNGRILY IN THE SHADOWS
IMPERIOUS DICTATIO
WARLORD TITAN
ME.
TO BE CONTINUED

the Carnival of Change
story Gordon Rennie art Mark Gibbons letters David Pugh
THE VILLAGE OF VALNEIN, DEEP IN THE FOREST HEART OF THE EMPIRE. LIFE HERE IS SIMPLE. AND THE ARRIVAL OF A RARE ATTRACTION FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS ALWAYS A CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION . . .
ROLL UP, MY FRIENDS, ROLL UP! COME AND HEAR WHAT MARVELS THE CARNIVAL OF CHANGE HAS TO SHOW YOU ALL!
AH, BUT I HEAR YOU SAY, YOU HAVE SEEN TRAVELLING CIRCUSES BEFORE. CLOWNS AND ACROBATS AND BUMBLING FOOLS CALLING THEMSELVES SORCERERS.
REST ASSURED, MY FRIENDS, THAT THIS SHOW WILL BE UNLIKE ANY YOU HAVE EVER WITNESSED BEFORE . . .
BEHOLD THE MIRROR OF CHANGE, AN ANCIENT ARTEFACT CARRIED HERE FROM FAR-OFF LANDS, AND PRESENTED TO YOU BY I, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, FOR YOUR DELIGHT AND ENTERTAINMENT!

TO GAZE INTO IT IS TO LOOK INTO YOUR OWN FANTASIES. TO SEE YOURSELF AS YOU CAN BE, TRANSFORMED INTO ANYTHING YOU DREAM OF BEING!
COME, MY FRIENDS, WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO STEP UP AND SEE WHAT THE MIRROR HAS TO SHOW THEM?
NO! THE GOOD PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE HAVE NO WANT OF YOUR TRICKERY.
BE ON YOUR WAY CHARLATAN, BEFORE I SEND FOR THE COUNT'S MEN-AT-ARMS!
A PRIEST OF SIGMAR! WE ARE INDEED BLESSED BY YOUR PRESENCE!
COME, WISE ONE... WILL YOU BE THE FIRST TO SEE WHAT DESTINY HAS IN STORE FOR YOU?
I'LL HAVE NO PART OF YOUR TRICKERY, AND NOR SHALL ANYONE HERE
TODAY IS A HOLY DAY SACRED TO SIGMAR, AND I'LL NOT SEE IT DEFILED BY SUCH WITLESS PLEASURES.
THEN TODAY IS A HOLIDAY, AND WHAT BETTER DAY FOR A CIRCUS THAN THAT!
IN CELEBRATION OF THIS SPECIAL DAY, I DECLARE A FREE SHOW FOR ALL MY FRIENDS!
BLASPHEMY! THIS IS BLASPHEMY I SAY..!
ALL ARE WELCOME! EVEN YOU, FATHER. FORGET YOUR PIOUS PRAYERS TO YOUR GRIM FACED GOD AND COME AND SEE WHAT WONDERS I HAVE TO SHOW YOU!

COME TONIGHT WE SHALL SEE WHAT ENTERTAINMENT YOUR FLOCK WOULD PREFER. YOUR SERMONS OR MY CARNIVAL...
EVENING SERVICE ON HOLY DAY, FATHER OUR CHURCH SHOULD BE FULL OF THE FAITHFUL OF SIGMAR.
SIGMAR
THEY HAVE BEEN BEWITCHED BY THAT DAMNED CIRCUS. THEY HAVE BEEN TEMPTED FROM THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS BY THE PROMISE OF TAWDRY PLEASURES.
AND YET, PERHAPS THERE IS MORE TO THIS CIRCUS THAN MEETS THE EYE.
BOY, I WANT YOU TO RUN AN ERRAND. GO TO THE COUNT'S KEEP AND FETCH THE MEN-AT-ARMS.
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU FATHER? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I GO TO DO MY DUTY TO SIGMAR.
SIGMAR
PERHAPS IT IS BUT THE IMAGININGS OF AN OLD FOOL PRIEST, BUT I FEAR THERE ARE DARK POWERS ABROAD IN OUR VILLAGE ON THIS HOLIEST OF NIGHTS...
THE PRIEST MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS THE SITE OF THE CARNIVAL TENT EARLIER. THE SOUNDS OF THE LAUGHTER AND MERRIMENT COULD BE HEARD EMANATING FROM THE CARNIVAL.
NOW, AS HE APPROACHES HE IS GREETED ONLY BY CHILLING SILENCE.
IT HAS BEEN MANY YEARS SINCE THE PRIEST TOOK UP ARMS IN THE SERVICE OF SIGMAR. IN HIS YOUTH HE FOUGHT ON MANY BATTLEFIELDS AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF THE EMPIRE...

NOTHING, HOWEVER, COULD HAVE PREPARED HIM FOR THE HORRORS WAITING FOR HIM INSIDE THE TENT OF THE CARNIVAL OF CHANGE.
SSKREEEEE!
RROOOOARR!
ONCE THESE THINGS WERE HIS CONGREGATION, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS WHO HAD LOOKED TO HIM FOR GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION...
...NOW THEY ARE CHAOS SPAWN CHANGED BEYOND ALL RECOGNITION BY THE WARPING POWER OF CHAOS!
BEGONE, ABOMINATION! AS SIGMAR IS MY WITNESS I SWEAR THERE WILL BE A RECKONING FOR THIS BLASPHEMY!
KLANNNGH!
ONCE HE WAS THEIR PROTECTOR AND GUARDIAN.
NOW HE IS THEIR DESTROYER, GRANTING THEM RELEASE FROM THEIR TORMENT AND KNOWING THAT THEIR DAMNED SOULS ARE LOST TO HIM!
WITCH THING! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THEM!?
ONLY WHAT THEY WANTED IN THE FIRST PLACE - GIVEN THEM A GLIMPSE OF THE WONDERS AND HORRORS THAT LIE BEYOND THE VEIL OF REALITY.

IF WHAT THEY SAW WAS MORE THAN THEIR SIMPLE MINDS COULD STAND THEN THE FAULT IS NOT MINE.
BUT COME, OLD MAN. SEE FOR YOURSELF...
BEHOLD THE TRUE FACE OF MY MASTER, WHO WAITS ETERNALLY FOR US ALL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF REALITY!
BEHOLD THE BEAUTEOUS TERROR OF LORD TZEENTCH, CHANGER OF THE WAYS AND THE TRUE MASTER OF THIS CARNIVAL!
COME, OLD MAN. SURRENDER YOURSELF TO MY MASTER'S BLESSING. LET HIM SHOW YOU THE WONDERS THAT AWAIT YOU IN HIS REALM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GATEWAY!
SIGMAR! I CALL UPON YOUR POWER...
...AID YOUR SERVANT IN HIS HOUR OF NEED, AND HELP ME CAST THE POWERS OF CHAOS BACK INTO THE OUTER DARKNESS!
OOOOEEEEEEWWWWWWW

OLD FOOL! YOU THINK YOU CAN DEFEAT CHAOS SO EASILY? CHAOS IS ETERNAL. CHANGE IS NEVER-ENDING.
THE MIRROR IS BUT A TOOL. A MEANS OF OPENING THE GATE-WAY TO THE REALM OF MY MASTER.
EVERY MIRROR IS A GATEWAY TO HIS WORLD, IF YOU KNOW THE PROPER SPELL OF OPENING.
PRAY TO YOUR WEAKLING GOD, OLD MAN. HE CANNOT SAVE YOU FROM THE FORCES OF CHAOS...
FATHER, WHAT HAS HAPPENED? WHERE ARE OUR PEOPLE?
GO INSIDE. LET NOTHING LIVE.
AFTER THAT, GO DOWN TO THE VILLAGE AND PUT EVERY BUILDING AND DWELLING TO THE TORCH.
"VALNEIN IS A VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED. LET IT BE RAZED TO THE GROUND AND ITS NAME REMEMBERED ONLY AS A CURSE..."
SUCH A PITY BUT MY WORK HERE IS ALREADY DONE...
PATIENCE, MY LORD. THERE ARE OTHER TOWNS AND PLENTY OTHER SIMPLE MINDED FOOLS WHO HAVE NOT YET SEEN THE WONDERS OF THE CARNIVAL OF CHANGE...
THE END

BLOODQUEST

"MAUSOLEUM"

SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE
ART: COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERS: TONY LUKE

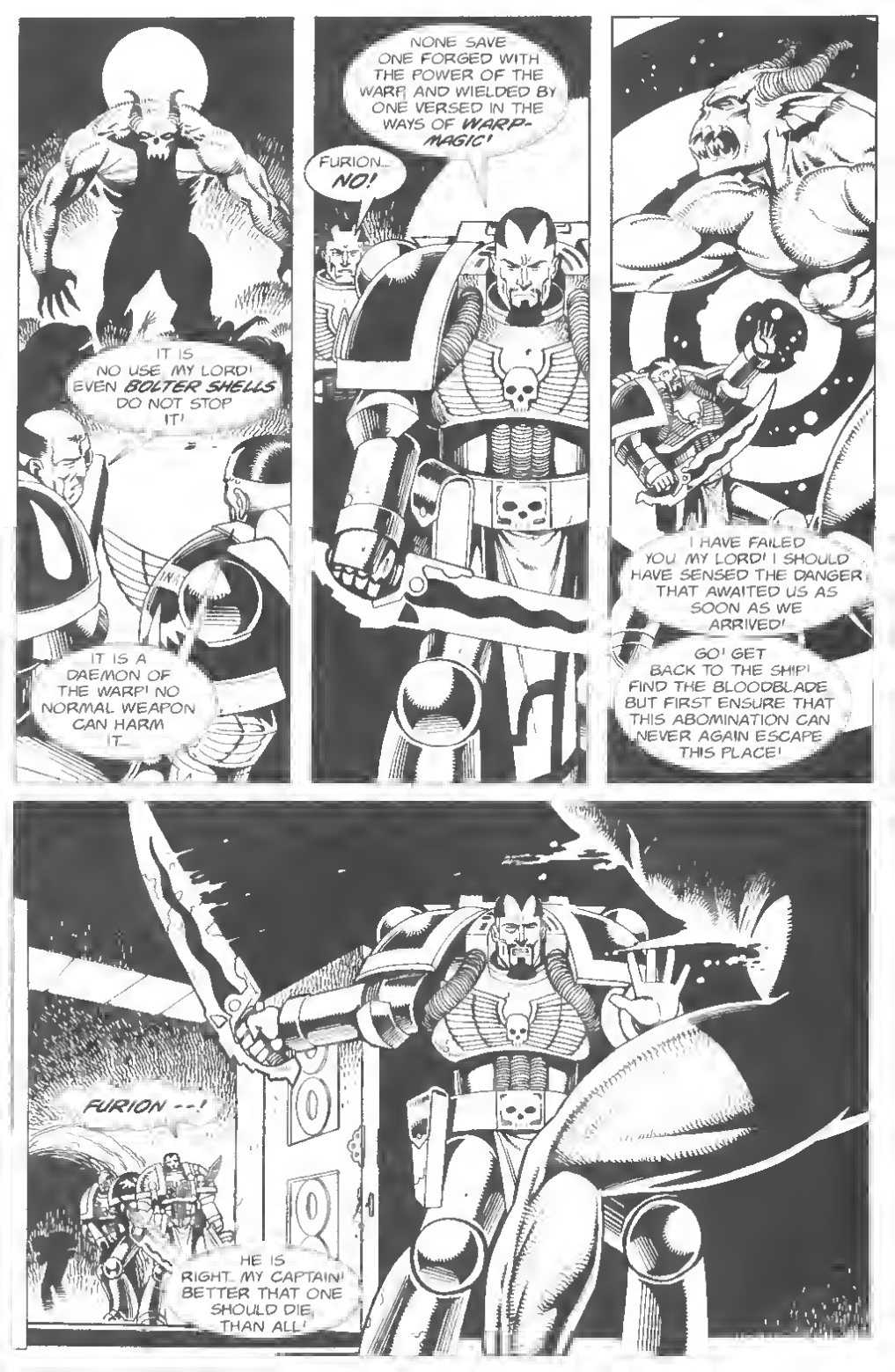
SEEKING THE ORK WARFLEET OF GARSHÜL THE DESTROYER AND THE STOLEN BLADE ENGARMINE, CAPTAIN LEONATOS BLOODQUEST HAS TAKEN HIM TO THE IMPERIUM WORLD OF TARSIS, HOME TO THE MYSTERIOUS BROTHERHOOD OF THE WATCH ---
MY THANKS, LORD ABBOT AFTER MANY WEEKS OF WARP TRAVEL, MY MEN AND I ARE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY..
IT IS OUR HONOUR CAPTAIN LEONATOS I ONLY WISH THAT WE COULD BE OF MORE AID IN YOUR MISSION BUT TARSIS IS A REMOTE WORLD AND IT HAS BEEN MANY YEARS SINCE ANYONE - EVEN GREEN-SKIN MARAUDERS - HAS PASSED THIS WAY
BOTH YOU AND YOUR CREW ARE WELCOME TO STAY AS LONG AS YOU WISH I SHALL SEE TO IT THAT ROOMS ARE PREPARED FOR YOU.
BROTHER ABBOT! A WORD, IF YOU WILL...
FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY, BUT YOUR ORDER... THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WATCH..
I THOUGHT I WAS FAMILIAR WITH MOST OF THE BRANCHES OF THE IMPERIAL CULT...

WE ARE AN ANCIENT ORDER FOUNDED MILLENNIA AGO BY THE ORDO MALLEUS. EVEN THE ADMINISTRATUM ITSELF SEEMS HARDLY AWARE OF OUR EXISTENCE THESE DAYS. MORE THAN THAT, I REGRET THE TENETS OF OUR FAITH WILL NOT PERMIT ME TO SAY.
A PROBLEM BROTHER FURION?
PROBABLY NOTHING, BROTHER CAPTAIN, BUT I AM REMINDED OF ONE OF THE SAYINGS OF PRIMARCH ROGAL DORN ---
SLEEP WELL IN THE CAMP OF YOUR ALLIES BUT ALWAYS LEAVE YOUR BOLTER ARMED AND WITHIN REACH.
LIEGE-CAPTAIN LEONATOS! CAPTAIN LEONATOS!
SCOUT NOVICES LYSANDER AND PROTEUS! EXPLAIN YOURSELVES!
WE HEARD A SCREAM, SIR. IT WAS MENELIUS. HE WAS IN THE ROOM NEXT TO MINE--!
THEY'RE RIGHT, MY LORD. I HEARD IT TOO, AND SCOUT NOVICE MENELIUS IS GONE!
IT IS AS I FEARED. I HAVE BEEN A FOOL, MY LORD. I HAVE ALLOWED US TO FALL INTO A TRAP, THE NATURE OF WHICH I AM ONLY NOW BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.

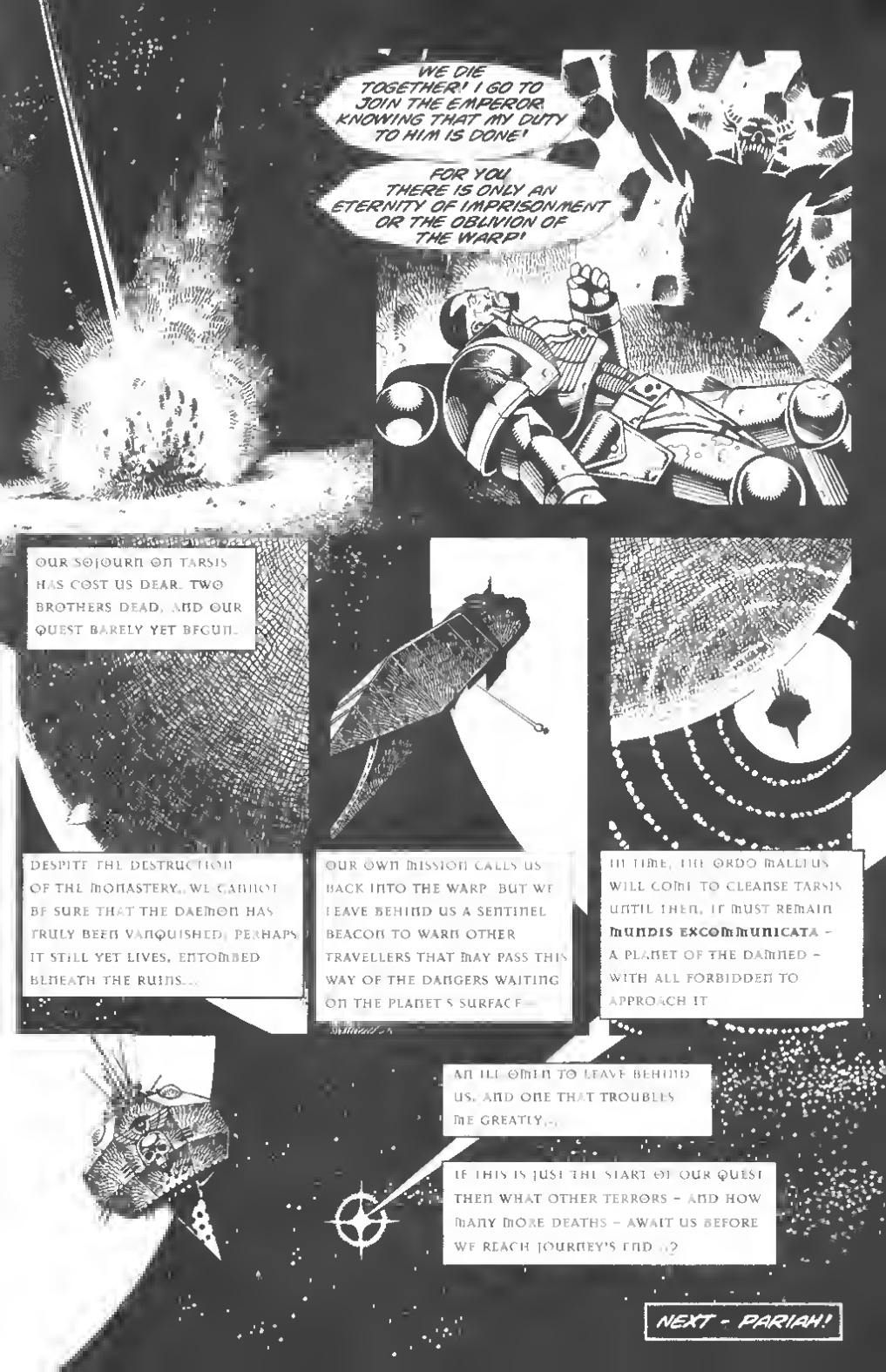
"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WATCH HAVE TAKEN OUR BROTHER. THEIR PSYCHIC SCENT IS STILL STRONG. IF WE HURRY, WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM..."
THERE ARE TALES OF THE THINGS THE FIRST LEGIONS FOUND DURING THE TIME OF THE GREAT CRUSADE
LEGENDS OF PLANETS RULED BY DAEMONS, WITH THEIR INHABITANTS WORSHIPPING SUCH ABOMINATIONS AS GODS.
WHEREVER THEY WERE FOUND, ALL SUCH WORLDS WERE CLEANSED. IT WAS SAID THAT THOSE DAEMONS WHICH COULD NOT BE DESTROYED OR CAST BACK INTO THE WARP WERE IMPRISONED -
HELD IN CHECK BY POWERFUL PSYCHIC WARDS AND WITH ORDO MALLEUS GUARDIANS - THE SECRET ORDERS OF THE WATCH PUT IN PLACE TO FOREVER WATCH OVER THEM.
THE DAEMON IS STILL A PRISONER BUT, THROUGH THE MINDS OF ITS SERVANTS, IT CAN REACH OUT IN SEARCH OF A MEANS OF ESCAPE!
TARSIS MUST BE ONE SUCH PRISON WORLD, BUT THE PSYCHIC WARDS MUST HAVE WEAKENED, AND THE DAEMON'S GUARDIANS HAVE INSTEAD BECOME ITS SLAVES!
I SUSPECT THAT OUR ARRIVAL HERE HAS FINALLY GIVEN THEM THE CHANCE THEY HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR...
A BLOOD SACRIFICE
EXACTLY. THEY HAVE CHOSEN THE WEAKEST OF US - A SCOUT NOVICE, NO DOUBT. THEY INTENDED THAT THE REST OF US WOULD BE KILLED BY THE DAEMON ONCE IT WAS FREED
SUCH ARROGANCE SHALL BE THEIR UNDOING...

KILL THEM! KILL THEM ALL!
SCOUT NOVICE OR REVERED VETERAN, THE BLOOD ANGELS LEAVE NO BROTHER IN THE HANDS OF OUR ENEMIES!
TOO LATE BLOOD ANGEL TOO LATE!
THE CEREMONY IS COMPLETE THE SACRIFICE HAS BEEN MADE AND THE OFFERING ACCEPTED.
AFTER TEN MILLENNIA THE WARDS HAVE FINALLY BEEN BROKEN

AFTER TEN THOUSAND YEARS THE GREAT DEVOURER FIRST FAVOURED OF KHORNE IS MADE FLESH AGAIN!
RRRRAAAAAAHHHHH!!!
YOU HUNGER, MY MASTER WE HAVE LURED THESE ENEMIES HERE SO THAT YOU MAY FEED
PRAISE BE TO KHORNE! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!!!
NO, MY MASTER... NO --!
THE FOOLS! DO THEY NOT REALISE WHAT THEY HAVE DONE?!
THEY HAVE RELEASED A DAEMON PRINCE! AFTER TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF CAPTIVITY NOTHING CAN CONTROL IT!
THE POWER OF CHAOS DEPENDS ON THE IGNORANCE AND FOOLISHNESS OF ITS FOLLOWERS
ONLY BY THE PURITY OF OUR FAITH AND COLD LIGHT OF OUR WRATH SHALL WE TURN BACK THE TIDE OF DARKNESS THAT IS CHAOS!
CHOOM!!
CHOOM!!
OPEN FIRE! CAST THIS BLASPHEMY BACK INTO THE VOID!


IT IS NO USE, MY LORD! EVEN BOLTER SHELLS DO NOT STOP IT!
IT IS A DAEMON OF THE WARP! NO NORMAL WEAPON CAN HARM IT...
NONE SAVE ONE FORGED WITH THE POWER OF THE WARP, AND WIELDED BY ONE VERSED IN THE WAYS OF WARP-MAGIC!
FURION... NO!
I HAVE FAILED YOU, MY LORD! I SHOULD HAVE SENSED THE DANGER THAT AWAITED US AS SOON AS WE ARRIVED!
GO! GET BACK TO THE SHIP! FIND THE BLOODBLADE BUT FIRST ENSURE THAT THIS ABOMINATION CAN NEVER AGAIN ESCAPE THIS PLACE!
FURION --!
HE IS RIGHT... MY CAPTAIN! BETTER THAT ONE SHOULD DIE, THAN ALL!

THEN LET US NOT WASTE THE TIME OUR BROTHER'S SACRIFICE HAS BOUGHT US
WE ARE TOO FAR UNDERGROUND TO TELEPORT OUT WE MUST RETREAT BACK TO THE UPPER LEVELS
LEONATOS TO SPACE VESSEL EXILE! EMERGENCY EXTRACTION REQUIRED
TELEPORT BEACON IS ACTIVATED LOCK ONTO MY SIGNAL AND BOOST TELEPORT SENSORS TO MAXIMUM!
ARM WEAPON SYSTEMS! LAUNCH PLASMA MISSILES FOR PLANETARY BOMBARDMENT!
"TARGET IS THE MONASTERY STRIKE COMMAND IS EXTERMINATUS!"
YOUR SOUL IS MINE HUMAN! I SHALL RIP IT FROM YOU AND FEED UPON IT FOR CENTURIES!
TOO... TOO LATE, CHAOS SPAWN...


WE DIE TOGETHER! I GO TO JOIN THE EMPEROR, KNOWING THAT MY DUTY TO HIM IS DONE!
FOR YOU, THERE IS ONLY AN ETERNITY OF IMPRISONMENT OR THE OBLIVION OF THE WARP!
OUR SOJOURN ON TARSIS HAS COST US DEAR. TWO BROTHERS DEAD, AND OUR QUEST BARELY YET BEGUN.
DESPITE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MONASTERY, WE CANNOT BE SURE THAT THE DAEMON HAS TRULY BEEN VANQUISHED; PERHAPS IT STILL YET LIVES, ENTOMBED BENEATH THE RUINS...
OUR OWN MISSION CALLS US BACK INTO THE WARP. BUT WE LEAVE BEHIND US A SENTINEL BEACON TO WARN OTHER TRAVELLERS THAT MAY PASS THIS WAY OF THE DANGERS WAITING ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE...
IN TIME, THE ORDO MALLEUS WILL COME TO CLEANSE TARSIS UNTIL THEN, IT MUST REMAIN **MUNDUS EXCOMMUNICATA** - A PLANET OF THE DAMNED - WITH ALL FORBIDDEN TO APPROACH IT
AN ILL OMEN TO LEAVE BEHIND US, AND ONE THAT TROUBLES ME GREATLY...
IF THIS IS JUST THE START OF OUR QUEST THEN WHAT OTHER TERRORS - AND HOW MANY MORE DEATHS - AWAIT US BEFORE WE REACH JOURNEY'S END ...?
NEXT - PARIAH!

NOW HEAR MORE OF THE TALE OF MALUS DARKBLADE, DARK ELF CURSED BY DAEMONS.
HEAR OF HIS UNWILLING QUEST TO RETRIEVE FIVE RELICS OF UNHOLY POWER FOR THE BESTIAL ABOMINATION TZARKAN
BRRRAAAARGHH!
HEAR NOW, THE STORY OF THE FIRST RELIC ...

DarkBlade

PART TWO

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT

ART KEV HOPGOOD

A FINE SHOT, MALUS.
WHHHTH-UKK!
SHUT UP, DAEMON
EGK!
OH, MALUS! MALUS! IF I'VE GOT TO SPEND A YEAR LIVING INSIDE YOUR HEAD, I DO HOPE WE CAN DEVELOP A MORE CORDIAL RELATIONSHIP.
DO YOU REALISE THAT ALL YOU'VE SAID TO ME SINCE I POSSESSED YOU IS "SHUT-UP DAEMON"? THIRTY-SEVEN TIMES.
SHUT UP, DAEMON
THIRTY-EIGHT.
SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT I HOPE DAEMON?
I HOPE SOMETHING KILLS ME VERY SOON SO THAT I CAN BE FREE OF YOUR BLOATED STINKING UNWANTED PRESENCE!
TUT TUT TUT!
EARTH
HI!

B-BY THE LORD OF M MURDER.. W WHAT WAS THAT FOR ?
I DID IT TO REMIND YOU WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE, DRUCHII.
I DID IT TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS.
I DID IT BECAUSE I COULD.
NOW GET UP AND FIND ME THE FIRST RELIC !
Y YOU'RE SURE IT'S HERE ? THIS IS JUST SOME STINKING BEASTMAN ENCAMPMENT
THERE CAN BE NOTHING OF VALUE HERE
WE'LL SEE, ELF. NOW LOOK SHARP ! IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEIR MAIN WARBAND COMES LOOKING FOR YOU.
DON'T WORRY, DAEMON...
SPITE WILL MAKE SURE THEY HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL AWHILE YET

DOWN THERE, MALUS DARKBLADE ! CAN'T YOU SMELL IT ?
OH I CAN SMELL IT RIGHT ENOUGH ! BUT IT'S BLACK AS TAR IN THERE HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO
- SEE ? BLOOD-HANDED GOD ! WHAT IS THIS ?
DAEMON FLAME. WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE ?
WHY DOESN'T IT BURN ME ?
I THOUGHT YOU'D PREFER IT THAT WAY. BUT IF YOU INSIST ...
AH, NO, NO THIS IS FINE.
SO WHERE IS THIS TRINKET YOU'RE AFTER ?
I CAN SMELL IT UP AHEAD. ON A LEDGE, BY A MAKESHIFT ALTAR. THE BEASTMEN HAVE BEEN WORSHIPPING IT.
THIS IS IT ? DOESN'T LOOK MUCH
AAAHHHH ! THAT'S IT, MALUS ! THE OCTAGRAM OF PRAAN !

WELL, THAT WASN'T SO HARD ! SIMPLY SET MY LOYAL AND UNRULY STEED TO KEEP THESE BEAST-SCUM BUSY SLIP IN HERE AND
MALUS ?
WHAT ?
DUCK !
BRAOOOO'AAAGHHH !
KHAINE'S BLOOD !
GAHH ! TOO QUICK !
NO ! NO !
DAEMON ! YOUR FIRE ! MAKE IT BURN ! MAKE IT BURN NOW !

BRAAAAAAAAAIIIIIEEEEE!
RRRRRRRRHHH!

DAEMON ?
GNNH !
BRAAAGHH!
BRAAGHH!
BRAAGHH!
NOW YOU CAN - AHH !- MAKE IT STOP

WELL DONE, MALUS. VERY WELL DONE! YOU'VE WON THE FIRST TROPHY FOR ME ! THAT'S A STEP CLOSER TO FREEDOM FOR YOU !
AND JUDGING BY THE GORE ON YOUR VULGAR STEED'S CLAWS, THERE CAN'T BE A BEASTMAN LEFT ASIVE IN A TEN LEAGUE RADIUS ! BRAVO !

YOU KNOW, MALUS, I REALLY DO ADMIRE THE WAY YOU USE PAIN AS A WEAPON, AS A STRENGTH, AS A MEANS TO GREATER TRIUMPH. IT REALLY-
DAEMON ?
YES, MALUS ?

SHUT UP
NEXT- THE LABYRINTH